VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 16, 1905. NUMBER 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

LINCOLN.

Chained by stern duty to the rock of State,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the cruel tongues that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,
Tender and simple too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1905. NUMBER 25

Yes, they whose feet upon good errands run
Are friends of God, with Michael of the sun;
Yes, each accomplished service of the day
Paves for the feet of God a lordlier way.
The souls that love and labor through all wrong
They clasp his hand and make the circle strong;
They lay the deep foundation, stone by stone,
And build into Eternity God's throne!

—Edwin Markham.

It would seem that Thomas Moore is quite out of fashion; perhaps few people now read "Lalla Rookh," but the student of literature cannot afford to turn aside from the last volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, Stephen Gwynne's story of "Tom Moore." It has been given to but few names in English literature to lift the burdens from off overburdened-souls by the power of song as it was given to Tom Moore. He made poor Ireland happy; he threw the balance on the credit side of the ledger in which is entered so many groans, tears, tyrannies; he healed by the power of song; he gave to Ireland its minstrelsy. Well does the appreciative notice of this book in the *Literary Digest* for February 11th close with these words:

Tattered and thumbed copies of his poems, scattered broadcast through Ireland represent better his claim to the interest of posterity than whatever comely and autographed editions may be found among the possessions of Bowood and Holland House.

It is startling in these days of Russian tumult, disaster and tragedies of all sorts to fall upon news of Russian triumphs on the dramatic and operatic stage. The *Literary Digest* of last week has interesting translations from a new drama by a new dramatist in which the heroine is characterized as a Russian "Nora" who awakes into life's realities too late to meet them with the dignity and composure that become such realities. The drama emphasizes the Russian capacity to suffer and patiently endure the wrongs which the heroism of Ibsen breaks from and defies. The most significant news from Russia, then, is not from the rifle pits in front of the Japanese battalions nor yet from the cries of the strikers in front of the winter palace of the Czar, but from the book shop which announces the fact that a new imaginative writer has appeared with "a passion for truth, sincerity, artistic and intellectual integrity." This is one more recruit to the Russia that remains; the real Russia that is to triumph; the Russian of Tourgueneff, Ghorky, Verestchagin and Tolstoy.

The *Review of Reviews* is always overwhelming to our limited editorial capacity and too often suggests in a painful way the Wordsworth line,—

The world is too much with us late and soon.

And, still we are glad that there are so many people who can keep up with this Review at least and get that much of the overwhelming world. The February number, as usual, is resplendent and abundant. The frontispiece offers a portrait of W. H. Baldwin, Jr., whose story is such a vindication of heredity and culture. In him a father devoted to public interests was glorified and Harvard College showed what a college graduate might do. The articles on "Street Railway Fares in the United States," "Baltimore One Year After the Fire," and "The Manhattan Bridge, a Lesson in Municipal Esthetics," have a permanent value which will induce the reader to try to save the book, which would be more nearly possible if one could "cut out" the one hundred and twenty-six pages of advertisement which overlay the one hundred and twenty-five pages of reading matter. But then, what would a magazine be without advertisement? Answer, It would not be at all. It exists by if not for the advertiser.

It is a rest to the eye and a tonic to the mind to come once a month upon one magazine which has successfully resisted the temptations of the illustrator, which has defied the blandishments of the camera, which still preserves its Quaker plainness, and consequently maintains its dignity as a representative of thought, resting its faith in words, satisfied with the adequate power of thought when worthily embedded in the art preservative. We like the *Atlantic Monthly* because it is the plain *Atlantic,* the Quaker of magazines, but we like it also because it justifies our first love. "The Confessions of a Newspaper Woman" comes almost as a voice from the dead to the restless young of both sexes who aspire to what seems to be the intoxicatingly delightful career of a journalist, who are so easily entrapped by the delusive attractions of a big city. Let the young men and women first read these "Confessions" by Helen M. Winslow and read the extracts from Thoreau's journal and see if it does not point to a better way. After this let the young men and women of the senior classes in college, academy and high school measure their culture by the interest which the article on "George Herbert" will have for them; and after that, let them measure their souls' development by devoting a quiet hour of a Sunday afternoon to the "Love-Lyrics" of one who "spoke face to face with God."

Of course college students, fraternities, faculties, many parents and romantic young girls will hasten to disarm if not to disprove the searching sentences of President Eliot concerning foot-ball in his recent annual report. But we believe that the time is coming when it will be proven by the historian of American college life, that the President of Harvard has spoken not only the timely word but the word true for all times concerning this absorbing fanaticism in college life. The physical value of foot-ball is questionable, for success in it depends on over-training and over-straining. Its spiritual value is still more questionable, for endurance must sink into stolidity and

resistance reach into cruelty and brutality or else suffer defeat. For all the claims of the Spartan virtues for foot-ball players, they often fall short of the Christian grace. When famous captains weep over defeat or else wrangle over decisions, it is questionable whether the game contributes much to their spiritual power. As a social and economic element in college life it leads in too many cases to extravagance, gambling, drinking, and rowdyism, to be too promptly commended. President Eliot of Harvard College never speaks without thought; his conclusions always imply investigation, his opportunities for such in this case are second to those of no other man in America. Let not those less qualified to speak dismiss his words too hastily.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Of this every living soul must be conscious. Religion rests its power on ethics, draws its inspirations if not its sanctities from the bodies that lie on the horizon line where the known fades into the unknown, where heaven and earth meet. There is an element of mysticism necessary in all progress. Devoutness begins in a recognition of the little known and the much unknown. It is for the exploitation of some such principles as these we suppose that *Mind*, a monthly journal devoted to science, philosophy, religion, psychology and metaphysics, is published. The title page of the February number before us announces it as "the leading exponent of new thought." The table of contents is an attractive one, the name of Rev. S. R. Calthrop heading the list. Here are articles on "The Bahi Revelation," "Richard Wagner as a Philosopher," "The National Society of Musical Therapeutics," and still we have to confess that our horizon line falls this side of much set forth in these pages; we get into deep water or lose ourselves in the inexpressible and the unutterable before we reach much that seems clear to these writers. What we do find within our comprehension is too familiar to deserve the term "new thought." Indeed the thought in it seems to be venerable; the "new" in it perhaps not so thought-worthy. Certain it is that this magazine is the most dignified and scholarly organ of the new interest in the old mysteries. Brahmanism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Mental Science, Suggestion, and kindred "New Movements" find in this journal a serious and able attempt to find the underlying harmonies and the fundamental truth in each. "Upland Farms Alliance, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y." is the suggestively elusive but apparently adequate address of this substantial monthly.

The ever fertile and doubly efficient Charles M. Sheldon, the Topeka pastor, has been writing to the *Independent* a vigorous article on "The Minister and His Young People." He urges that three hours on Sunday spent with the young people will be more profitable than three days spent in the preparation of the second sermon for grown up people. He says, "Last year I gave two months to a preaching service for my Sunday School; next year I think I will double the time." Looking at the problem from a different angle but coming perhaps to much the same conclusion, Prof. Shailer Matthews of the University of Chicago has been saying that the Sunday School should be the chief field of the preacher. "For the minister to say he has no time for Sunday School work is the same as to say he has a gold mine in his yard but has no time to work it." Professor Matthews says that the Sunday School is the strategic point in religious work today. He prescribes good salaries for superintendents and just as good superintendents as those provided for day schools. This Professor of a divinity school, addressing divinity students, declared that "The seventeenth century holds sway over the theological seminaries today; they are teaching their students the things that were necessary to ministers five centuries ago. They should begin to train them to be something more than preachers; they should train them to be organizers and directors of institutions." Messrs. Sheldon and Matthews have made profound suggestions to which ministers, parents and church officials will still continue to give superficial assent. The Sunday School? "Oh, yes, of course; very important," say father and mother, and then they will proceed to make trifling provision for Sunday School attendance, to which they give but slight attention at home and seldom or never re-enforce their good declarations by their presence. The result is, spite of much work done by the minister, superintendent, or teacher, listless children who early think they are too old for the Sunday School. There is no sadder sight than the sight of boys and girls who are incurious as to the things of the spirit, undevout in the presence of devout topics, unmoved by hymn, prayer, or sermon. Sermons for young people have their merit; young people's societies bear fruit, but is there not something still better—preaching so practical and so lofty, a communal recognition of the sanctities of religion and the sociological permanence of the church, a devotion of the home life to the primal interests that will sweep father, mother and children into a common enjoyment and into common privileges. The dividing of church activities in such a way that the young people go home as the parents come, if alack, they come at all, is bad pedagogy based on a superficial psychology that necessarily breeds flippancy among the young and indifference among the elders. The mother who has regular appointments with her club and incidental engagements with the church, the father who subordinates in time, money and enthusiasm his church relations to those of the golf, club or his political party must expect to see their children grow up, however well "educated," like Giotto's tower:—

Wanting still the completeness of the spire.

Public School Teachers and Labor Unions.

Our associate, R. A. White, a member of the Board of Education, is just now the leader of an agitation that is in danger of embittering those who ought to be heart to heart friends and co-operators. Mr. White probably represents the majority of, if not the entire

school board and many others in regretting the official affiliation of the public school teachers' federation with the labor unions of Chicago; not because he is opposed to the labor union movement; quite the contrary—he recognizes not only the right but the duty of labor to co-operate and when necessary to combine for the protection of common interests. So also is the federation of teachers both justified and encouraged in their affiliation but Mr. White contends that the teachers represent the whole people and that they ally themselves to a class organization to the peril of their highest mission. With this contention the present writer has perfect sympathy. UNITY protested early against the implication even that teaching is a craft and should be allied to the trades. Rather should the teachers religiously guard their calling as belonging to the honorable fraternity of liberal professions which does not exist for the money there is in it; which must never make the money and the living the paramount or even the aggressive consideration. So palpable is the altruistic, the real and the ruling element in the life of a teacher that we believe the teachers themselves will recoil from the implication that will follow an organic relation to an employe class whose purpose is to contend for their rights with an employer class. Believing so profoundly in the fundamental inspirations of the teacher's profession and the nobility of the teachers, we deplore an agitation that may drive four thousand or more school mistresses in Chicago to take an attitude of antagonism unworthy of them and detrimental to their interests. We are not in favor of drastic resolutions on the part of the school board looking towards their suppression because we believe that the good sense of the teachers themselves will set the thing right. Even now we believe that there is a large and influential minority who are ready to champion the truly democratic position which must ever insist that the public schools are not for the poor nor yet for the rich but for all the citizens, and it is the proud privilege of a public school teacher to be welcomed and honored in the home of the drayman and of his millionaire employer. Let the teaching profession be guarded against the hard commercializations of the day. Cannot they who give their lives to the making of worthy citizens trust their destinies in the hands of those who are called to represent these citizens? The teachers of Chicago have nothing to fear in the long run from the hands of their friends—the Superintendent, the Board of Education and the taxpayers, great and small.

Religious Education Association.

The religious interest of this country centers this week in Boston where the Religious Education Association is in session. When this Association goes to Boston it goes to its own. It is a fulfillment to an extent little suspected by many of the "leaders" and prominent partakers in the program of those who rejoice in the teachings as well as the aspirations of Channing, Theodore Parker, the Frothinghams, the Gannetts, the Peabodys and their associates. This meeting is the Free Religious Association budding, blooming, and bearing its perfect fruit on a lateral branch or it may be a side shoot sprung up from a common subterranean root. The so-called orthodox contingency may be loath to recognize the truth of this affirmation, and the confessedly liberal—the Unitarian and the Universalist—who all these years have been compelled to stand aloof, may find it still harder to admit the fact, for their aloofness has developed a consciousness of the aside, a pride in the minority, that will resent the submergence by the main stream that has at last overflowed the banks and verified their common theories, which at one time made separation necessary, but by the same token now makes fusion, self-immolation and common consciousness in the presence of common tasks as imperative. Well does Samuel A. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, say in last week's *Christian Register:*

> To Unitarians co-operation with this Association affords an opportunity to rise for a moment out of the comparative isolation of our small pioneer body and realize that the men who are standing for the larger ideals and the newer methods in the great Protestant communions, are fighting there the same battles for freedom and reason and toleration in religion that our fathers had to fight. * * * Our attitude towards the evangelical churches ought never to be hostile but always as sympathetic and co-operative as circumstances permit.

But the genial President reckons without his host, as indeed will most of the denominational men who go up to this Jerusalem; when he thinks that all this co-operation will still permit them to:—

> Cherish the reasonable hope that with little or no diminution in the number of sects we may come into an ever larger sympathy, each cultivating his own garden with assiduous care, but each rejoicing in the other flowers and fruits, not always harping on the weeds, taking down all the fences, but allowing the ancient landmarks to remain loyal to our own traditions, reverent of the traditions and usages that others cherish with glowing hearts.

The metaphor of the garden and the individual and distinctive flowers is a familiar and captivating one to the denominationalist, but, like all metaphors, it is a dangerous one, and as used is oftentimes, in many communities, not only delusive but actually subversive to all cultivation, because there is but one garden patch now and the fences do not represent traditions that are fundamental or usages that are prohibitive. When Chili and Argentina formed their pact of peace they wisely disposed of their battle ships, and fortresses were converted into schoools. The friends who gather in Boston this week will be slow to accept the logic of the situation and convert their temporary communion into permanent missionary enthusiasm. The Catholic and the Protestant must yet needs bide apart; perhaps the ritualistic and the non-liturgical churches will find distinctive communities, but few towns are large enough to divide the Congregational and democratic elements without sacrificing the opportunity and efficiency of all parties concerned. If the Religious Education Association is to be something more than a pleasant junketing party of scholars, it must make mightily not only for co-operation but for fusion of energies among those whose opinions are now neces-

sarily one concerning the great fundamentals. If Bible texts once divided on lines which a better understanding and a truer interpretation of the same texts do not justify, then these old "traditions and usages" can be honored only by those who remand them to the museum guarded and interpreted by the antiquarian. For a while yet, the tasks of this Association will be academic, pedagogic, conciliatory; the flag that flies over their meeting place will be a flag of truce but in due time it will require courage; it will organize co-operation; it will proclaim unity, and it will fly the missionary flags, or the interest in it will wane. Scholarship in religion does not call for co-operation half as loudly as do the spiritual apathy and ethical inertia of sect-ridden, church-poor communities. Before there can be much improvement in church quality and church potency in these communities there must be fusion, a reduction of the number of churches in order to improve the quality.

Cheap Vindication.

The legislature of Illinois has recently passed through a cyclone of moral indignation. That grave body of solons, the lower House, rose in its might and expelled from its body by an overwhelming vote, Comerford, a young man who in high school days displayed commendable interest in civic questions and immediately on his graduation identified himself with the forces that work for municipal reform. His neighbors trusted him and, perhaps unwisely, hurried him into legislative responsibilities. This young legislator of only a few weeks' standing, in an address before a body of law students, waxed warm in his advocacy of better methods and higher standards in politics. In the ardor of his youth he ventured to say what a great body of sober-minded citizens of Illinois believe, that graft, trading and corruption have been rampant at Springfield among the legislators, or words to that effect, and that what he deemed conclusive evidence of bribery in some cases had come under his observation. Of course all this was "great stuff" for the newspapers. The assembly promptly called for a committee of investigation. The chairman, for some inexplicable reason to us, appointed a committee as vealy in a legislative sense as the accused. Six out of the seven members of the committee were new members and consequently of meagre or of no acquaintance with legislative methods. One of these novices was made chairman of the committee. The investigation was hurried and hot. The report was prompt and decisive. As might have been expected, the young man was not able "to make good his charges," particularly inasmuch as this committee of novitiates ruled that the investigation should not go back of the present forty-fourth session, although it had made practically no record, while a large number, forty or more, we believe, of the members of this body were holdovers from the last session, on the action of which the accused claimed to base his charges. The report precipitated an angry and hasty vote, which expelled the young man from the floor. The blood of the boy was up and of course he retired to private life in a lurid blaze of indignant oratory, defiant, and doubtless ill-considered rhetoric. Comerford retires to private life perchance a wiser and sancr youth for his experience. There is time enough for him; if it is in him, he can regain the confidence of his constituency if, indeed, he has lost it. It is altogether probable, economic considerations aside, if he sought it, he might be promptly returned by another election. Certain it is that many of the best citizens outside his district would rejoice in such a vindication of the right of speech and would be glad to help along the campaign.

But what of the legislature? To a large number of the intelligent citizens of the State of Illinois the fact remains that disgraceful things have been done in the legislature of Illinois; that trades and deals, pulls and bargains did characterize the last legislature and its environment, the situation becoming so scandalous that decency was obtained only by a *coup d'etat* that, with physical force, drove the speaker from his desk long enough for the decent element to make a provisional organization that would give respectability to their deliberations. The only verdict then that the committee could render was the Scotch verdict of "not proven," with the added qualification that they excluded all evidence that could bear upon the point—the evidence of the past. We believe we represent the sober conviction of the intelligent people of the State of Illinois everywhere, that it is a case of Sambo in court:

"I know, Jedge, that I had the chicken all right, but how you goin' to prove it all on me? An' you ain't goin' to lock me up where there's no evidence."

It hardly savors of righteousness for those who have been so unscrupulous and immodest, so grasping and exacting in their ante-election promises and accomplishments to affect such sensitiveness concerning their good name and fame after election. It ill becomes the hoyden who has flirted with the stranger of uncertain character, on the public streets, to be so shocked and covered with blushes if a leer in the eye or a sneer on the lip of a passer-by should reflect upon her chastity.

We doubt not but that Comerford was indiscreet One should not make public charges lightly. Neither do we doubt that the provocations were great. His youth, his zeal on the right side, his enthusiasm for reform should weigh much with a body sworn to maintain the laws and to vindicate the right. The reputation of any member of the assembly in the State of Illinois was not jeopardized by the rhetoric of a young man pleading for reform so much as it is by this summary measure to suppress free speech, to conceal, perhaps, dark deeds, by a hasty vote based on what was confessedly an inadequate investigation by what would seem to be a committee incompetent to sit upon the matter.

In 1859 Lincoln was asked to go to Boston to attend the celebration of a Thomas Jefferson anniversary; circumstances preventing, he wrote a letter which might well be commended to the legislature of Illinois that

displayed such sensitiveness last week. Said Lincoln in this letter:

> Jefferson's party was devoted to the personal rights of men, holding the rights of property secondary and greatly inferior. The democracy of today holds the liberty of one man to be absolutely nothing when in conflict with another man's right of property. Republicans should be for the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict, the man before the dollar. The principles of Jefferson are the axioms of free society.

In this same letter he spoke of those who called the Declaration of Independence "glittering generalities," as "the vanguard of returning despotism. We must repulse them or they will subjugate us. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves and under a just God cannot long retain it."

"Bad Boys."

There are no bad boys. A little child cuts himself with a knife and then says: "You bad, bad knife!" In his shortsightedness the child fails to see that it is himself that directs the knife's operations and does the injury. We, teachers, parents, and others, in our shortsightedness call boys bad, when *we* are the ones that *are* bad. We project ourselves and see in the boys the evil that exists not in them but in ourselves and in their environment.

In school the teacher has revealed in her forty children the real life of forty homes—no matter what parents may do for outward appearances. Further, the teacher has her own self reflected in those forty faces as in a mirror. She sees it day after day but does not recognize it. What a revelation the child would be to the parent and the teacher if each would see the child in the light of self!

The index of the orderliness and morality of a city is the children of that city—products of the homes, schools and streets of the city. We may boast of our schools but the good of the schools may be neutralized by the home or the street. I might have said the home alone, for the home is responsible for the street; yet how many parents will blame street influences for the conduct of their children, thinking that they are thereby excusing themselves? Coming nearer, we find that we have a deplorable condition of affairs in our street influences. That this condition exists and that these influences affect the lives of our children, the homes must be responsible. That the shack, the mushroom of our vacant lots, the alleys, the candy shanties, the pool rooms, and the opera house swarm with young people is an indictment against the homes of our city. We may put on additional police (which probably is the only possible remedy), but why are the *parents* so inert? Boys and girls, and those too, from so-called good homes, are going to ruin not of their own accord, not because their inclinations are bad but simply from parental neglect or mismanagement.

I say again, there are no bad boys, no bad girls. It is we who are bad; and, until we change ourselves and change our environment, we shall continue to have a product as imperfect as that environment. If I see an angel in a block of stone, it is there. If I see a manly boy in a chunk of humanity, he is there. To make the angel a reality in marble requires time and skill; to make a manly boy requires patience, foresight and example.

B. B. Jackson.

Superior, Wis.

Confessions of a Mountain Preacher.

Prof. H. M. Penniman tells the following from his experience as Moderator in a series of meetings in the mountains of Kentucky:

One evening, as I arose to close, a heavy voice back of the platform said, "May I speak?" "Why, certainly, sir, glad to have you, come right forward."

A heavy, deep-chested mountain preacher, with that propelling power in his voice common to men of tremendous thorax, came forward. The platform creaked under his tread.

After a moment he began, "Friends, I'm er-goin' 'ter tell ye sompen, an' I'm er-goin 'ter talk about myself. But I haint er-goin 'ter talk about myself bekase I want ter hear myself talk about myself, but bekase I caint tell ye what I want ter tell ye eeny other way.

"When I war er young man I war wicked, an' I war stiddyin' ter be wickeder every day. Arter er while I met up with er pooty leetle gal, an' we tuck up together an' went ter livin' en er cabin. But still I war wicked an' still I war stiddyin' ter be wickeder every day. One day I come en outen ther timber whar I war a-choppin, ter ther cabin, an' I seed my three leetle boys er layin' thar on ther floor, an' hit cum ter me powerful quick, do ye want ter see them leetle boys a-growin' up ther way ye growed up? An' hit tuck me right thar" (pointing to his heart) "an' frien's, I went right back inter ther timber. I riz my hand an' I sez, God A'mighty, ef ye *kin* holp me, holp me now, fer I'm needin'. An' while I war lukin' God spoke peace ter my soul, an' I cum back ter my cabin, an' thar war er change. But frien's, I'm er-goin' ter tell ye, an' I'm ashamed ter tell ye, but I'm er-goin' tell ye thet I war thet mean then an' thar thet I war willin' ter take all ther good thet God cud do me an' never think of passin' hit on. But hit cum ter me one day, ef God A'mighty cud do whut he's done fer yeou, er man stiddyin' ter be wickeder every day, caint he do hit fer some other man stiddyin' ter be wickeder every day, ef y'd tell of hit? An' I war thet mean that I cud say ter them v'ices en my soul, *O I caint talk.* But hit cum ter me en the day an' hit cum to me en the noight, ef God A'mighty cud do whut he's done fer yeou, a man stiddyin' ter be wickeder every day, caint he do hit fer some other man stiddyin' to be wickeder every day—ef ye tell of hit?—till I cudn't stan' hit no longer, an' I sez, the next meetin' en these yere pairts I'll go, I'll riz, I'll open my mouth, an' ef God kin git eenythin' offen my tongue, he kin. I went, I riz, I told 'em thar jes' whut I'm er-tellin' ye yere, an' he tuck of the peace he guv me an' guv hit right thar en ther meetin'. An' they's them sittin' right yere among ye thet is knowin' ter whut I'm er-tellin' ye, fer they war thar an' got the peace.

"An' now I'm er-goin' ter tell ye whut I riz ter tell ye. I cum to these yere meetin's plumb agin you larned folks, an' I'll tell ye the reason why. I haint seed many larned folks en these yere moun'ns, but them I hez seed war devils erfore they got ther larnin' an' ther larnin' on'y made 'em bigger devils. But I've been a-hearin' ye larned folks preach an' sing an' pray. I've seed more; I've seed ye, the best ef ye, clomb the cliffs to ther ole an' broke-down an' no-kyount, whar we doan go oursel's, an' I seed ye thar er-givin' 'em ther bes' ye hed, same's yer givin' yere. Frien's, thet God is *my* God, an' I want ter tell ye thet my eyes ez open, an' I've ben plumb wrong en feelin' again yeou larned folks ther way I've ben er-feelin'. My eyes ez open, I see hit aint ther larnin' thet makes ther devil, but hits the use ye make of ther larnin'. An' I want ter tell ye agin, an' hit does me good ter tell ye, thet I've ben plumb wrong en the way I've felt agin yeou larned people, an' I want ter say ter God thet my nine chillen shell never feel ther way ther father feels now, fer they shall hev larnin'—hit's too late fer me."

—From the Berea Quarterly, October, 1904.

THE PULPIT.

Abraham Lincoln's Church.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES. DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 12, 1905.

Dedicated to the Builders of the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

With each returning twelfth of February comes to this church the call to prayer in the spirit of the great Emanicipator, America's great Democrat. Year by year I bring to you some phase of the subject, which is in no danger of being exhausted. This year "Abraham Lincoln's Church" seems to be a timely subject. This subject would seem to be easily disposed of, for it is an obvious fact that in the theological and ecclesiastical sense Abraham Lincoln had no church. There has never been an attempt to prove that anywhere or at any time he passed through any of the peculiar experiences that are supposed to be the necessary introductions of a soul into the pact which most Christians consider The Church. There is no evidence of a "conversion" that would admit him as a probationer with any consistency into any of the creed-founded churches of Christendom. To the contrary, there is plenty of evidence that he stood outside of all these things to the end of his life. In the earlier years aggressively so. As life deepened and responsibilities thickened controverted things retired more and more into the background; he touched the lower currents that carried away the petty distractions of creed, the superficial driftwood of dogmas and doctrines which the poor finite brain of man clumsily puts together, oftentimes by the help of distorted passages of scripture and feverish flights of the imagination.

The young postmaster at New Salem had much time to read between the weekly mails and the duties of a frontier land surveyor, during which time he familiarized himself with the thoughts of Thomas Paine, Volney and Voltaire, whose books, by a strange kind of penetration, found their way on the crest of the earlier waves of immigration into this western world. From these sources and his own mind he abstracted an argument against supernatural Christianity. The manuscript grew to the proportions of a book, at least in the imagination of the simple villagers, who were his auditors, as they gathered on long winter evenings around the red-hot stove in the village store. Subsequently yielding to the pious apprehensions of his neighbors and doubtless the growth of his own soul, this manuscript "book" became fuel in the same stove. But the impressions of the storekeeper deepened in the direction of what in those days was called the "Religion of Nature." He had an ominous sense of the impiety involved in the assumptions and the dogmatism of the creeds. In the earlier years of his law practice at Springfield he came upon the "Vestiges of Creation," that remarkable book, the author of which for so many years remained a mystery, but which has recently been authoritatively ascribed to Robert Chambers, the great Scotch publisher. That book was the forerunner of Darwin; it challenged the attention of the strongest minds of its generation and did more than can ever be estimated in preparing the way for what was eventually to be known as the Philosophy of Evolution. Said Judge David Davis, co-laborer and companion of Lincoln on the circuit, his friend and counselor in the dark days of the nation:

> Lincoln had faith in laws, in principles, in causes and effects, but he had no faith in the Christian sense of the term,

Meaning, of course, in the ordinary theological sense of the word. Once he is purported to have said:

> There are no accidents in my philosophy.

To another friend he said:

> I am a kind of immortalist. I could never bring myself to believe in eternal punishment.

Another friend of his has said:

> On the doctrines of depravity, atonement and infallibility of the written revelation and such questions, he was utterly at variance with those usually taught in the church.

Herndon, his law partner for so many years, tells us with what avidity he read the writings of Channing and how he laid hold of the earlier writings of Theodore Parker, in whose pages, away back in 1858, he probably first came upon the phrase which was finally polished into its last compactness in the great Gettysburg speech, which describes democracy as "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Of course it was confidentially whispered by friends, and openly urged by his political foes in those early days, that "Lincoln bordered on atheism." John T. Stuart, his first law partner, said, "He was an avowed and open infidel." But W. H. Hannah, another intimate friend, as quoted by Herndon, said:

> In my intercourse with Mr. Lincoln I learned that he believed in a Creator of all things, who had neither beginning nor end, possessing all power and wisdom, established a principle in obedience to which worlds move and are upheld, and animal and vegetable life come into existence. A reason he gave for his belief was that in view of the order and harmony of all nature which we behold, it would have been more miraculous to have come about by chance than to have been created and arranged by some great thinking power. As to the Christian theory that Christ is God or equal to the Creator, he said that it had better be taken for granted; for by the test of reason we might become infidels on that subject, for evidence of Christ's divinity came to us in a somewhat doubtful shape; but that the system of Christianity was an ingenious one at least, and perhaps was calculated to do good.

Jesse W. Fell, who, all things considered, was perhaps the most appreciative and intelligent intimate of Abraham Lincoln during his Illinois career, to whom Lincoln confided the only bit of autobiography he ever wrote, contributed to Herndon's Life a careful statement on this subject written a few years before Mr. Lincoln's death. It runs as follows:

> If there were any traits of character that stood out in bold relief in the person of Mr. Lincoln, they were those of truth and candor. He was utterly incapable of insincerity or of professing views on this or any other subject that he did not entertain. Knowing such to be his true character, that insincerity, much more duplicity, were traits wholly foreign to his nature, many of his old friends were not a little surprised at finding in some of the biographies of this great man statements concerning his religious opinions so utterly at variance with his known sentiments.
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> I have no hesitation whatever in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great mass of Christian believers, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or evangelical views of Christinaity. On the innate depravity of man, the character and office of the great Head of the Church, the atonement, the infallibility of the written revelation, the performance of miracles, the nature and design of present and future rewards and punishments (as they are popularly called), and many other subjects he held opinions utterly at variance with what are usually taught in the Church. I should say that his expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as, in the estimation of most believers, would place him outside the Christian pale. Yet, to my mind, such was not the true position, since his principles and practices and the spirit of his whole life were of the very kind we universally agree to call Christian; and I think this conclusion is in no wise affected by the circumstance that he never attached himself to any religious society whatever. His religious views were eminently practical, and are summed up, as, I think, in these two propositions: the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. He fully believed in a superintending and over-ruling Providence that guides and controls the operations of the world, but maintained that law and order, and not their violation or suspension, are the appointed means by which this Providence is exercised. I will not attempt any specification of either his belief or disbelief on various religious topics, as derived from conversations with him at different times during a considerable period; but as conveying a general view of his religious or

theological opinions, will state the following facts: Some eight or ten years prior to his death, in conversing with him upon this subject, the writer took occasion to refer, in terms of approbation, to the sermons and writings generally of Dr. W. E. Channing; and, finding he was considerably interested in the statement I made of the opinions held by that author, I proposed to present him (Lincoln) a copy of Channing's entire works, which I soon after did. Subsequently the contents of these volumes, together with the writings of Theodore Parker furnished him, as he informed me, by his friend and law partner, William H. Herndon, became naturally the topics of conversation with us; and, though far from believing that there was an entire harmony of views on his part with either of these authors, yet they were generally much admired and approved by him. No religious views with him seemed to find any favor except of the practical and rationalistic order; and if, from my recollections on this subject, I was called upon to designate an author whose views most clearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on this subject, I would say that author was Theodore Parker.

John G. Nicolay, who was private secretary to Mr. Lincoln throughout the war and collaborator with Hay in the authoritative ten-volume Life of Lincoln, wrote Mr. Herndon on the 27th day of May, 1865:

Mr. Lincoln did not to my knowledge in any way change his religious ideas, opinions or beliefs from the time he left Springfield to the day of his death. I do not know just what they were, never having heard him explain them in detail; but I am very sure he gave no outward indication of his mind having undergone any change in that regard while here.
Yours truly, JNO. G. NICOLAY.

Mrs. Lincoln testified that:

Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church, but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. He seemed to think much about this, particularly when our Willie died, and more than ever about the time he went to Gettysburg, but it was a kind of poetry in his nature. He was never a technical Christian.

But the most famous testimony on this subject is that given by the artist, Frank B. Carpenter, in his interesting and now rare book, entitled "Six Months at the White House." In this book he quotes Hon. H. C. Deming of Connecticut as saying:

On one occasion I shall never forget, the conversation turned upon religious subjects, and Mr. Lincoln made this impressive remark: "I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

It is true that after his death many of the spokesmen for the religious world undertook to bridge what seemed a painful chasm between the great throbbing heart of Lincoln, the great giver of liberty, the lover of souls, and the church of the "Living God." It was painful to contemplate the awful paradox. This universally beloved friend of truth and right wandering outside the gates of heaven, as their creeds would require! No wonder that they sought with lantern and with miscroscope for any infinitesimal evidence that would warrant their yielding to the universal verdict of the American people, that Abraham Lincoln, dead or alive, was accepted of man and must be acceptable to God, unless the divine standards were cheaper, coarser, meaner than the human outpourings of widowed hearts, the grateful offerings of orphan children, the hosannas of liberated slaves.

There were those who tried to prove Lincoln religious by making out that he believed something about Jesus, God and the Bible as they did; they sought for pious phrases, accents of prayer, acts of formal devotion. But the heart of America anticipated the methods of history; they called for a change of venue, appealed not to the decisions of ecclesiastics, but to the higher vision of enlightened humanity, and they said, Abraham Lincoln was religious, not because he had signed a creed, assented to a dogma, or studied his Bible, but because his heart was filled with a God-like love; because he was a truth-teller, a right-doer. He did dare to throw aside the trappings of ecclesiasticism, rise superior to the fetters of political party; he did do without many of the stays considered necessary to the moral and religious life of the commonplace, and by virtue of an internal force rose into the sublimities of full manhood, the plain proportions of manliness, and this proved his relationship with the Eternal. If man-made churches had no place for him, the congregations of God, the Church of Humanity, approved him and welcomed him into its innermost sanctities. His kinship to the Man of Nazareth was proven, not by his adoption of supernatural theory or sacrificial office, but because, like the Nazarene, "he went about doing good;" because he verified the Beatitudes promulgated by the Elder Brother. He was humble in spirit, meek, merciful, pure in heart; he was a peacemaker and hungered and thirsted for righteousness, consequently he saw God, was a Son of God, a citizen of the kingdom of heaven.

By this time we are ready to say that if Lincoln was not eligible to church membership the fault must lie with the church and not with Lincoln; and one thing more we will venture to say—that, however it may be with the outward church, conditioned by creeds, marked by labels, pastored and deaconed by those whose names are enrolled in the denominational annuals and who stand up to be counted when the census taker is around, Lincoln did belong to the Church Invisible, the only true church of the Eternal God; the church of the humble heart, the contrite spirit, and the church of the helping hand. He did belong to the fraternity of holy souls who in all times and all places have made themselves sons and daughters of God. And this Church, invisible now, will become, is becoming, must become the Church Visible one of these days. It is the church that is on trial, not Abraham Lincoln, at the altars of religion today. If forty years after the martyrdom of the great President the Church of the Golden Rule still tarries and if he were still on earth and could find but few church communions that would welcome him on his own high terms, the shame be upon the churches.

It is then a fair question this morning to inquire into the nature of the church to which Abraham Lincoln was eligible, for which he was qualified, as proven by all the records.

The church of Abraham Lincoln, is the church of the sensitive soul. His was the pitying heart; his merriment was always bordered with tears; his humor struck its tap roots deep into the pathos of life. He was fellow with the weepers. The world will never tire of the well-authenticated stories that, long before his fellows suspected any peculiar strength of intellect, before he or anyone else dreamed of any peculiar power that might bring leadership and fame, marked him of all the boys in the settlement as the one with the tenderest heart. "He was helpful to the women folks and liked by them," testified Dennis Hanks, the garrulous kinsman. Hanks told of how when a boy he carried a drunken man on a cold night into the cabin, spite of the protest of his companions to "let the drunkard alone." The same cousin testified to his lack of interest in hunting and fishing; he early abandoned his gun and rod.

Says Barrett, his latest as well as his earliest biographer, a most careful student of the early life of Lin-

coln, "Sensitiveness and modesty were as native to him as bold strength and courage."

These stories of his early sensitiveness take their place away beneath all his triumphs and form, like the builders' concrete, an adequate foundation to the superstructure. "Where is Lincoln?" said Speed to Hardin who overtook a band of lawyers riding on horseback from one court house to another. "The last I saw of him he had two little birds in his hand and was hunting for their nest in a bunch of crab apple trees," said the lawyer. An hour later Lincoln overtook his companions and they laughed at him. "You may laugh, gentlemen, but I could not have slept well tonight if I had not saved those birds; their cries would have rung in my ears." On another ride he turned and rode back, dismounted and bemudded himself in releasing a pig which had become hopelessly fastened under a rail fence. When rebuked for soiling his clothes, he said: "I did not want to do it myself, and so I drove by, but the look in that pig's eye seemed to say, 'There goes my last chance;' it haunted me."

This Lincoln, the lawyer, is the same "Abe" who at nineteen on the journey from Indiana to Illinois waded the ice-cold water of the river to carry over in his arms the whining little cur who did not dare venture upon the crackling ice that fringed the stream; the same Lincoln who, as captain in the Black Hawk war, interposed his mighty body between the soldiers and the friendly Indian, and thus saved his life. Long years afterward, some of these rough men remembered the incident as something sublimely impressive. This was the Lincoln who lay all night in the rain on the grave of Anne Rutledge, torn by the awful despair of a youth bereft of his first love. In these desponding days of 1841 he wrote to his friend Speed: "I would be more than willing to die, but I have an irrepressible desire to live until I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it."

That same year he wrote to his friend, Miss Mary Speed of Louisville, Kentucky, of the party of twelve negroes he saw on an Ohio river steamboat, chained six and six together, with iron clevises around the wrists and connecting chains that strung them together, he said, "like so many fish on a traut-line."

He wrote:

> They were being separated forever from the scenes of their childhood, friends, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters; many of them from wives and children, and going into perpetual slavery where the lash of the master is proverbially more ruthless and unrelenting than any other where.

But he noticed how "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," rendering the worst of human conditions tolerable, permitting the best to be not much better.

Fourteen years afterwards, when his power was beginning to be felt throughout the nation and Joshua Speed, the Kentuckian, was inclined to call him to account for political indiscretions, he recalled the grewsome picture, and wrote:

> You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled togethed with irons. That sight was a continued torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and continually exercises, the power of making me miserable.

This Lincoln, when he was the President of a distracted people and the nation was in its death throes, arose from his bed at midnight and ordered a telegram to be sent to the officer in command at Yorktown, to suspend the execution of a nineteen-year-old lad who was found sleeping at his post, in response to the weeping pleas of a widowed mother. But when the expected acknowledgement of the telegram did not come, he rose in the small hours of the morning, went to the war department and remained there until the acknowledgment was brought back, and then, with trembling voice, said: "Send word to that mother that her boy is saved; I will go home and go to bed again; I guess I shall sleep better for this night's work."

When an exacting disciplinarian insisted that he should not interfere with a court-martial that sentenced twenty deserters to be shot in the presence of the troops, the sensitive heart of the President cried out:

> O general, there are too many weeping widows in the United States already. For God's sake, do not ask me to add to that number. I tell you plainly, I won't do it. I believe a few kind words better for those poor fellows than cold lead.

It was the sensitive soul that led his very enemies to trust him. When, in the waning days of the Confederacy, Mr. Hunter headed a delegation from the South, seeking compromise, the righteous President said:

> The leaders have forfeited all rights to mercy; they should be punished for the highest crime known to law.
>
> If I understand you correctly, then, Mr. President, you think we are traitors to the government and are subjects for the hangman?

"You have stated the proposition better than I did," Replied the President. There was a painful pause, and then a pleasant smile crept over the face of the silent traitor, as he said:

> Well, Mr. Lincoln, we have about concluded that we shall not be hanged as long as you are President, if we behave ourselves now.

But Abraham Lincoln's church is a church not only sensitive to suffering, but sensitive to wrong. From boyhood he was on familiar terms with honor; he had an eye single to righteousness. Again the cousin, Dennis Hanks, testified to the purity of his habits, the cleanliness of his speech, political gossip and slander notwithstanding. He had no relish for strong drink, and seldom tasted any.

The church of Abraham Lincoln must be big enough to hold the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Mr. Lamon, in his Recollections, says that Lincoln loved the Tennyson couplet—

> Because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequences.

And that he held with Goethe:

> Nature could not but do right eternally.

To the pious clergyman who said:

> Let us have faith, Mr. President, that the Lord is on our side in this great struggle,

The President remarked:

> I am not at all concerned about that. I know the Lord is always on the right side. It is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation may be on the Lord's side.

When a Tennessee wife begged for the release of her Rebel husband from the military prison on the score that "he was a very religious man," the President said:

> I may not be a good judge of such matters, but in my opinion the religion that makes men rebel and fight against a good government is not a genuine article; nor is the religion the right sort which reconciles them to the idea of eating their bread in the sweat of other men's faces. It does not seem to me to be the kind to get to heaven on.

But finally yielding to the wife's importunity he dismissed her with the remark that he hoped she would reform the religion of her husband, saying that "The right kind of patriotism is better than the wrong kind of piety."

When David Davis protested against Lincoln's cutting down a fee that was rightfully his by virtue of previous engagement, on the score that he was impoverishing the bar by his picayune charges, "Mr. Lincoln, you are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you do not make people pay you for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey," quick and clear came the

response: "That money comes out of the pocket of a poor, demented girl; I would rather starve than swindle her in this manner."

Lincoln not only loved the right, but he had a prophet's insight; he apprehended the finer in-reachings of law. His church, then, must be the prophet's church, for he belongs in the prophetic line; he is in the apostolic succession of those great souls who were enabled to throw light on dark subjects; to probe through the complexities of time into the simplicities of eternity. Abraham Lincoln knew the difference between principle and policy and he dared, as only God's prophets can, to take the side that seemed to him right, spite of consequences; and this is revealed in the earlier years of his life so clearly that the years of publicity, his career as a leader, seem all simple, plain, inevitable.

I have already indicated how the pitying heart led him to hate slavery; that same heart led him, with clenched fists, to exclaim as he passed the slave auction in New Orleans and saw a young woman being struck off to the highest bidder: "Look at that! think of it! My God, if I ever have a chance I will hit that thing hard!"

Away back in 1837, when he was serving his first term in the state legislature, which then met at Danville, before the capital was placed at Springfield, he was one of the two members in all the State of Illinois to enter a protest on the house journal to the effect that "The institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." In 1840, despairing of the intricacies of law, he raised a public fund to buy the freedom of a free negro who unwittingly had landed from a northern steamer on the streets of New Orleans. The next year he was the attorney for "Nance," a colored woman, whose clear title to liberty became clouded.

In his Peoria speech in 1854, one of his greatest, as well as one of his earliest, he said:

Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature; opposition to it in his love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism. * * * You may repeal the Missouri Compromise, repeal the Declaration of Independence, repeal all past history, you still cannot repeal human nature. It still will be the abundance of man's heart that slavery extension is wrong, and out of the abundance of his heart his mouth will continue to speak. * * * Near eighty years ago we began by declaring all men are created equal. * * * In our greedy chase to make profit of the negro, let us beware how we cancel and tear to pieces even the white man's charter of freedom.

In 1857 he said:

Mammon is after the negro; ambition follows; philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. * * * The plainest print cannot be read through a gold eagle. It will be very hard to find many men who will send a slave to Liberia and pay his passage that he may be free, while they can send him to a new country, Kansas, for instance, and sell him for fifteen hundred dollars and the raise.

It was the next year that Lincoln shocked the proprieties, disturbed his friends, and seemed to the wise politicians on his own side, to ruin forever his future prospects by his famous speech about the "house divided against itself cannot stand." But to the student of his utterances previous to this there is nothing startling in the conclusion.

The world was slowly, reluctantly awakening to the fact that here, on the prairies on Illinois, a prophet of God had been let loose, and of couse such an one could say, "A government cannot permanently endure half-slave and half-free;" and, "Gentlemen, I do not expect the union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall."

Once more, the church of Abraham Lincoln is the church of democracy, the church of the plain people, in whom he always trusted, for whom he always spoke. When in that greatest debate ever held in any country in the interest of good government, the mighty joust between Lincoln and Douglas in the State of Illinois, in 1858, Stephen A. Douglas, "the little giant," was driven to the stand in a gay barouche, drawn by four white horses amid shouting throngs. Lincoln's chariot was a plain "prairie schooner." When his opponent rode in a special car with a cannon to announce his arrival and a brass band to play, "Lo! the conquering Hero comes," Lincoln, with his grip, cut cross lots and caught freight trains to meet his engagements. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was the hymn of his soul. He loved not only common people in severalty, but he believed in them mightily, in their corporate life. And so, the church of Abraham Lincoln is the church of civic reform, of public weal. He anticipated Arnold Toynbee, Jane Addams and Mrs. Humphrey Ward as a prophet of social reform. He was in his grave a generation before "civic federations" and "municipal voters' leagues" were heard of, but he anticipated them. He felt the disgraces of the state and exposed them. He felt supremely in his own heart the stings not only of his own misdoings, but the greater wrongs of the state; the immeasureable cruelty of organized society and life. This began to develop itself early.

The young lawyer of Springfield, when twenty-eight years of age, away back in 1837, in an address before the Young Men's Lyceum, anticipated the mighty struggle for official purity now on; he says the ignoble disgraces bearing down upon us and indicated then what is still the sovereign remedy for corrupt politics, as well as degenerate and selfish religion. The word of the Lord now, as then, calls for civic intregrity, the sanctity of public office. He said:—

Here, then, is one point at which danger may be expected. The question recurs, "How shall we fortify against it?" The answer is simple: Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of Seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and Laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

After the Harper's Ferry tragedy he spoke of "The poor old man, rash, mad, criminal, and yet, how hard to condemn, when we remember the provocation, the unselfish desire to set free the oppressed, the humanity towards his prisoners, which defeated his purposes. Here is a tragedy which will supply themes for novelists and poets for centuries. Men will condemn his act and pity his fate forever."

This lands me at my last count. The church of Lincoln is, critics notwithstanding, the church sensitive to the mysteries of spirit. Some of his biographers have called him superstitious. Superstition, in Lincoln, at least, was simply his spiritual nature intercepted on its way to the adequate venerations.

Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar!

Was another of Lincoln's psalms. Everywhere and always he was beset with a sense of the mystery of life. There is abundant evidence that his mind was

stored with the loftiness of Hebraic metaphors and similes. His biographers tell us that books on the occult interested him. He himself was haunted with visitants and visitations from the mysterious borderland of souls. Coming events seemed to cast their shadows across the weird regions of his mind. His dreams presaged now victory and now defeat. From the time he saw his double self in the looking glass in his office at Springfield immediately after the news of his first nomination—one self radiant, triumphant, the other wan and ghostly, to the depressing dream a few days before his assassination, which he never wholly succeeded in shaking off, his story is full of weird witnesses to the exceptionally large ground plan of being, the margin of which, like that of some great inland lake, skirts uninhabitable fastnesses and washes the shores of unexplored forests. It took all the power of his clear intellect at times to save him from being swept by the mystic breezes that blow from the far-off Mountains of the Moon in the unsurveyed territory of Being.

Surely, then, the church of Abraham Lincoln is large enough to hold all the yearnings of the human heart; it must be benignant enough to foster all the aspirations of the heart, to sanctify the bended knee and the upward look. Why, then, should we not rejoice in the church of Abraham Lincoln, and hasten to consecrate the altars of religion in his name; to dedicate temples of service and sing hymns of praise in his spirit?

"If there be a glory corner anywhere in the universe where the hallelujah of four million emancipated slaves may not carry the soul of Abraham Lincoln, because, forsooth, he had a head that worked as well as a heart that felt when he was flesh-environed, then we can do without that glory corner. If there be anywhere a great white throne upon which sits a God inaccessible to plain manliness, who turns a deaf ear to the moral tenderness of this pleading heart, because forsooth he does not appear with a vicarious whiteness, then we can afford to be strangers at that throne and we will refuse to bend the knee in adoration before such a God, though he sits enthroned upon the heavens and holds the destinies of eternity in his hand. The heaven of Abraham Lincoln is good enough for us. The hell of Abraham Lincoln is none too bad for us; and the church of Abraham Lincoln is high and holy enough for us.

The City of Light.

Sing we of the Golden City,
Pictured in the legends old:
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns through all its halls.

We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
For our lives are building-stones.

For that City we must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief;
In it find the end of living,
And the anchor of belief.

Then the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

It will last, and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light. —*Felix Adler.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

A Pilgrimage From Calvanism to Unitarianism.*

A frequent form of the modern pilgrim's progress appears to be that which is made from the creed-bound churches to the freedom of one branch or another of the liberal faith. The present volume is a reissue of the record of such an experience, first published by this Scotch Unitarian minister some fifteen years ago. It is now reproduced, he tells us in the preface, to help the many in Scotland, who have come to realize since the recent remarkable decision of the English House of Lords the straits to which a reliance on dogmatic creeds may reduce a people, to know what is the joy and relief of coming out into the "large place" furnished by an undogmatic belief.

The author was brought up in the "strictest sect" of Scotch Calvinism, the so-called Free Church. But to this one of its children it was a house of bondage throughout his childhood and youth, and well on into maturer years. In the endeavor to reconcile its teachings, learnt by heart from the catechism before their bearing could be understood, to his awakening reason and conscience, a toilsome pilgrimage was undergone. Arminianism, Atheism, Swedenborgianism and the Broad Church served as way-stations before the destination of religious rationalism as found in the Unitarian Church was reached. The story is frankly and engagingly told, and its most interesting suggestion is that none of these stops by the way failed to yield its contribution to the final result. Not even the harsh Calvinism of the beginning ever entirely lost its place. Its stern reverence for the right, and its unqualified command of conscience, gave the sure foundation on which a fairer structure of thought could be reared. As the record of the emancipation of a soul from bonds that still hold among us no less than in the older world, this little book is worth having to give our Calvinistic friends to read, for its hints of the broader way. R. W. B.

The passion for historical writing is amazing. It is hard to account for the number of new histories of the United States. I have called attention to the two-volume history of Professor Sparks, and the single volume history by Professor Elson. The latter of these two is a very thorough and independent piece of work—likely to be of real value in shaping public opinion. Besides these volumes Harper Bros. are sending out *"The American Nation,"* edited by Professor Hart, and each volume written by a leading and reliable author. There will be twenty-eight volumes in all. Five volumes are already published. These are written by Professor Cheney, of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Bourne, of Yale; President Tyler, of William and Mary, and other equally able historians. Harper is also sending out a five-volume History of Science. Macmillan announces the fifth volume of that magnificent work, James F. Rhodes' History of the United States. This work begins with the middle of the Nineteenth Century. The firm of A. Wessels & Co. is devoting itself to the publication of Source Books of American History. E. P. P.

Easy or not, it is all the light that is required of you in this world, to see things, and man, and yourself, as they are.—*John Ruskin: Mornings in Florence.*

*My Pilgrimage from Calvinism to Unitarianism, an account of spiritual experience, by Alexander Webster, Minister of the Unitarian Church, Aberdeen. London, Philip Green. Pp. 104. Price in Great Britain, one shilling net.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Every soul in its sphere has charge of a light-house, for which there is more or less need.

MON.—To some of us moral infirmities are so many stairs tending downwards; to others they represent steps that lead us on high.

TUES.—Sorrow is like the divining-rod that used to avail the seekers of treasure or of clear running water; for he who may have it about him unerringly makes for the house where profoundest peace has its home.

WED.—The raindrops the cloud brings with it are for him who will hold out his vessel.

THURS.—No ideal conceived by man can be too admirable for life to conform with it.

FRI.—We must needs be heroic in thought for our deeds to pass muster.

SAT.—Is our true destiny to be found in the things which take place about us, or in that which abides in our soul? —*Maeterlinck.*

The Story of Ung.

Once, on a glittering ice-field, ages and ages ago,
Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow.
Fashioned the form of a tribesman—gaily he whistled and sung,
Working the snow with his fingers. Read ye the Story of Ung!
Pleased was his tribe with that image—came in their hundreds to scan—
Handled it, smelt it, and grunted: "Verily, this is a man!
Thus do we carry our lances—thus is a war-belt slung.
Lo! it is even as we are. Glory and honour to Ung!"
Later he pictured an aurochs—later he pictured a bear—
Pictured the mountainous mammoth, hairy, abhorrent, alone—
Out of the love that he bore them, scribing them clearly on bone.
Swift came the tribe to behold them, peering and pushing and still—
Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-hatched hill—
Hunters and fishers and trappers, presently whispering low:
"Yea, they are like—and it may be—But how does the Picture-man know?
"Ung—hath he slept with the Aurochs—watched where the Mastodon roam?
Spoke on the ice with the Bow-head—followed the Sabre-tooth home?
Nay! These are toys of his fancy! If he have cheated us so,
How is there truth in his image—the man that he fashioned of snow?"
Wroth was that maker of pictures—hotly he answered the call:
"Hunters and fishers and trappers, children and fools are ye all!
Look at the beasts when ye hunt them!" Swift from the tumult he broke,
Ran to the cave of his father and told him the shame that they spoke.
And the father of Ung gave answer, that was old and wise in the craft,
Maker of pictures aforetime, he leaned on his lance and laughed:
"If they could see as thou seest they would do what thou last done,
And each man would make him a picture, and—what would become of my son?
"There would be no pelts of the reindeer, flung down at thy cave for a gift,
Nor dole of the only timber that comes on the Baltic drift;
No store of well-drilled needles, nor ouches of amber pale;
No new-cut tongues of the bison, nor meat of the standard whale.
"Thou hast not toiled at the fishing when the sodden trammels freeze,
Nor worked the war-boats outward through the rush of the rock-staked seas,
Yet they bring thee fish and plunder—full meal and an easy bed—
And all for the sake of thy pictures." And Ung held down his head.
"Thou hast not stood to the Aurochs when the red snow reeks of the fight;
Men have no time at the houghing to count his curls aright.
And the heart of the hairy Mammoth, thou sayest, they do not see,
Yet they save it whole from the beaches and broil the best for thee.
"And now do they press to thy pictures, with opened mouth and eye,
And a little gilt in the doorway, and the praise no gift can buy:
But—sure they have doubted thy pictures, and that is a grievous stain—
Son that can see so clearly, return them their gifts again!"
And Ung looked down at his deerskin—their broad shell-tasselled bands—
And Ung drew downward his mitten and looked at his naked hands;
And he gloved himself and departed, and he heard his father, behind:
"Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is blind!"
Straight on the glittering ice-field, by the caves of the lost Dordogne;
Ung, a maker of pictures, fell to his scribing on bone
Even to mammoth editions. Gaily he whistled and sung,
Blessing his tribe for their blindness. Heed ye the Story of Ung!

Rudyard Kipling.

Letters to Children.

III.

To a 14-year-old Girl from an Older Brother.

KANSAS, June 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR SUE,

I didn't think it was a month since you sent me your last letter, with the picture. I am getting to be a pretty bad letter writer, but I haven't forgotten your letter at all, and the little picture has been company to me nearly every day. I was very glad indeed to get it, for it seems to give me a good deal of Sue, and just about as I supposed she was growing up to be. People that are growing up are more interesting than any serial story, when they are of the right kind, and you must send me the new numbers as fast as they come out. Faces are very wonderful things and no wise man will ever be so wise that he can leave off studying them, as if all the lesson were learned.

Several weeks ago I rode from Osage City to Emporia on an emigrant train. An emigrant car is generally rather an unpleasant conveyance for people with fussy noses, but this time it happened not to be crowded, and the people were most of them clean and orderly and the day was not cold, so that we had the windows open and plenty of good lively Kansas air in the car.

There were several people in the car who interested me, but the most interesting thing and what I started to tell you about, was the face of a little girl, about ten years old, which seemed to me like a vision, when I saw it a half car length away. I can't tell you much about a face, after all, and if I tried to describe it you would not see that it was a handsome face, for, though it was quite fair, and framed with an abundant fall of rather wild brown hair, the mouth was noticeably too wide and I don't know that there was anything very remarkable about any feature. A woman in a seat a little nearer to me than where the little girl was sitting was occupied with a rather lively baby, and the little girl attracted by the commotion, turned around to see, and came and stood near the strange baby. It was while she was watching this new acquaintance, in delighted interest, that the little girl's face was lit with a beauty that Raphael

(*Continued on page 399.*)

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

The Unremembered.

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

Whom I have loved Fortune loved not;
Whom I remember are forgot,
As though they never breathed this air
That to my listening soul sighs, "Where?"

My saints have on the earth no shrine
Save in this shattered heart of mine,
Whose trembling walls are sinking fast,
Whose incense hath not long to last.

My prophets none did heed nor trust;
My conquerors, conquered, bit the dust.
Not with their latest breath they knew
That deeds of theirs could none undo;

Nor consciousness of might or right
Sustained them in the gathering night,
But in all self-abasement they
From the great battle passed away.

Oh, somewhere be it otherwise
Than under these occluding skies!
Somewhere, in unimagined ways,
Be scored their triumph and their praise!

Where'er they dwell, to earth unknown,
I am content if me they own
Among their number—theirs forgot,
Unsung, unshrined, exalted not,—

And if their shining brows (unstarred)
But bend on me their long regard,
And if their silence saith, "Have peace!
From tears for us—or paeans, cease!"

Edith M. Thomas in the February Century.

Foreign Notes.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.—The end of 1904 (Dec. 26-28) saw the twentieth assembling of the Indian National Congress, held this year in Bombay. The issue of *New India* for Jan. 4 is wholly devoted to its proceedings, including a full report of the presidential address delivered by Sir Henry Cotton. The following are pertinent extracts from that address,, dealing with certain Indian hopes, aspirations and grievances that have from time to time found recognition in these columns, prefaced by the introductory remarks, which give us a certain picture of the Congress.

Delegates to the Indian National Congress, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It was well said by one of my predecessors in this chair that the presidency of the Indian National Congress was the greatest honour that could be conferred by the people of India on one of their own countrymen. I feel that the honour is even greater when it is bestowed on one who is not of your own race or country. I have good reason to be proud of the position in which you have placed me this afternoon. Although I must always be aware that one of your own body would more worthily and adequately discharge the functions of the office, and am conscious that it must be more appropriate for an Indian to preside at the Indian National Congress than an Englishman, I received your invitation to come here as the highest compliment you could pay me, and accepted it, not only with a deep sense of responsibility, but also of gratitude and pride in this notable and public recognition of the humble services I have been able to render to India.

This is the twentieth annual session of the Indian National Congress—an organization avowedly national in its name and scope. We meet for the furtherance and discussion of national interests. I see before me a vast number of delegates—the number is deliberately limited for convenience' sake—representatives of every community, of every rank and profession, as well as religion. Met together are the political leaders of all parts of India. Here you are able to act in concert and to declare in no uncertain accents the common public opinion of the multitude of whom you are the mouthpiece. You occupy a vantage ground of no mean eminence. Here are the voice and brain of the country. Here before me are gathered the representative citizens of a great nation. Yours is a position which no failure of your projects and no neglect of your advice can nullify. You are assembled together—highly trained Zoroastrians; wealthy and energetic natives of Cutch and Guzerat; citizens of this splendid city, who mould its destinies alike in commerce and in intellectual pursuits; brilliant and patriotic Mahrattas, exulting in the glory of your past and your ancestors; Brahmins from Madras, with your keen and subtle intelligence; Babus from Bengal, strenuous and able, who rule and control public opinion from Peshawar to Chittagong; representatives from the Punjab and the United and Central Provinces; Hindus, who are exercising an almost indescribable influence by virtue of the living Hinduism which lies at the heart of your national existence; and followers of Islam, comparatively less in numbers, but animated by the zeal and vigor and austerity which have always characterized the religious history of your race. We are met here in this great representative assembly to lay before the public and the Government a practical programme of policy which covers, I believe, most of the important political and economic problems of the Indian Empire. We do not pretend to prepare any such policy within these walls. The work of educating public opinion is carried on throughout the year, and year by year, by means of the press and the proceedings of local political bodies and associations. The work is fostered by the pronouncements and speeches of representative Indians who are afforded the opportunity, rare and seldom though it be, of uttering their country's voice in the council chambers of the state. In these ways public opinion is formed, a national policy is framed, and in due course it is crystallized into a definite shape. It is one function at the annual meetings of the Indian National Congress to give merited and authoritative expression to views on which there is already a concensus of opinion in the country. We are met to-day for such a purpose, and for this duty no organization is more qualified and none could better be fitted than our own.

* * * * *

What is the great political problem that lies before you? What is the real meaning of the movement which has brought you together to-day and animates your thought and actions? It is the consciousness that your organization is a national one, and that you are working together in the formation of a national movement with common sentiments of interest and patriotism. The different races, the numberless castes, classes and creeds of India are welded together in your ranks. This is primarily the result of education, the inestimable boon which, in accordance with a noble and liberal policy, England has extended to India. It is education, and education in English methods and on the lines of Western civilization that has served to unite the varying forces among the Indian populations. The English language is the channel through which you are now able to meet on a common platform and to give expression to your common interests and aspirations. At the same time the railways, the steamships, the post office and the telegraph have played their part in closing the gap that used to keep the different provinces of India asunder. I rejoice to see that this great movement is fully recognized by your countrymen. It advances by leaps and bounds. The unmistakable yearning for nationality finds its utterance through a newspaper press which has now become a potent factor in your politics. I have watched the growth of this press, rising, in little more than one generation, from struggling, obscure and fitful efforts, into an organ of great power, criticising the measures of government with remarkable independence and vigor, and continually checking the abuses of executive authority. I am not blind to its imperfections, but it is impossible not to admire the ability and patriotism with which it is conducted. The unanimity of this press is as marked as the increase of its influence. The whole of its influence is in the direction of nationalization. A single note is struck. In

every large town in India newspapers are now published, identical in their spirit and in their common object, all aiming and converging at the formation of a single political ideal.

* * * * *

The present form of British administration cannot survive the fulfilment of those national tendencies which the British Government itself has brought into existence. * * * Autonomy is the keynote of England's true relations with her great Colonies. It is the keynote of India's destiny. It is more than this; it is the destiny of the world. The tendency of empire in the civilized world is in the direction of compact autonomous states, which are federated together and attached by common motives and self-interest to a central power. You have already local legislatures in which a certain measure of representation has been granted to the Indian people. A small concession has been made in this direction, but it is wholly inadequate to meet growing demands. In the cautious and gradual development of representation, in the increase of your power and influence in India itself, involving the ultimate extension of autonomy, we shall find the appropriate and natural prize and the legitimate goal for Indian aspiration. It was the dream of John Bright, and he indulged in no mere mystic prophesy when he foresaw that India would fulfil her ultimate destinies by a process of evolution, out of which she would emerge, not through force or violence, as an independent state, or torn from the Mother Country, or abandoned to England's enemies, but as a federated portion of the dominion of the great British Empire. The ideal of an Indian patriot is the establishment of a federation of free and separate states, the United States of India, placed on a fraternal footing with the self-governing colonies, each with its own local autonomy, cemented together under the aegis of Great Britain. That is a forecast of a future, dim and distant though it be, the gradual realization of which it is the privilege of Government to regulate, and the aim and hope and aspiration of the Indian people to attain.

* * * * *

The keynote of administrative reform is the gradual substitution of Indian for European official agency. This is the one end towards which you are concentrating your efforts, and the concession of this demand is the only means of satisfying the most reasonable of your legitimate aspiration. Lord Ripon justly urged on behalf of his scheme of local self-government that it would be an instrument of political education. And it may be as truly said that if we desire to eventually establish an independent government we can only do so by training the people to a sense of self-help and self-reliance through familiarity with the details as well as the principles of executive administration. We pray that our rulers may be endowed with this desire. It is no unworthy aim that we ho'd out to them for fulfilment. It is a title to glory all their own that they found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of subjection and have so ruled them as to make them desirous of all the privileges of citizenship. But however great may be their energy and activity in working through an official agency, it counts as dross if they lack the higher genius of educating the people by making them work for themselves, of evoking their powers by affording them opportunities for their exercise, and of raising them from a condition of mere passive subjection to a capacity for the discharge of higher responsibilities. A nation is the best administered which can manage its own concerns with the least aid from Government; and no system of administration can be progressive or beneficial which crushes out the self-reliance of the people and blights their legitimate aspirations to realize their destiny through their own exertions. M. E. H.

Practical Philantrophy.

The tendency among some of our very wealthy men to give hostages to fortune is a hopeful sign of the times. Along with great acquisition comes a sense of responsibility for the betterment of social conditions, and this sense in an increasing number of cases is expressing itself in practical ways.

The success of the Mills hotels has been a revelation to public-spirited men of large means. Started from purely charitable motives, they have proved good business investments. The eagerness with which they are patronized shows how vital is the need of them, but the patrons do not have to surrender their independence. They stand as squarely before the world in the discharge of their obligations as the patrons of the Waldorf-Astoria. It is this kind of philanthropy that produces the best results. It does not rob its beneficiaries of their self-respect, but it does give those of small means an opportunity to live respectably and comfortably at a price that they can afford. So far as possible business philanthropy is the kind to be preferred. It tends more than unqualified charity to reduce existence to a normal basis, and it is such use of their money, rather than the money itself, that will preserve to a grateful posterity the names of Phipps, Mills, Carnegie and Arbuckle, and men of that stamp.

A touching story of a deer's devotion to his wounded mate is told by Attorney E. A. Arnold, of Duluth, to a correspondent for the Chicago American. Mr. Arnold, while driving out in the country, started up a buck and doe near the road. The doe appeared to be lame and Arnold followed the pair into the woods, got a shot at her and hit, as large spots of blood on the leaves showed. He did not, however, bring down his game and the pair disappeared in the woods. Mr. Arnold for a time was unable to follow them. That night he spent with a camping party near the place where the deer had gone into the woods. He related the incident and one of the party said: Your doe is dead and I will go out and get the buck in the morning. A buck will never leave a doe while she is wounded and he will be with her." The next morning the hunter found her carcass and standing guard over her remains was the buck. His loyalty was "rewarded by a bullet from the hunter's rifle." Hellish! Buddha forbid the taking life, nearly a 1,000 years before Jesus, and taught returning good for evil yet some "pious" people term him a pagan. QUAKER.

Letters to Children.

(*Continued from page 397.*)

never found for any of his little St. Johns. I think I shall not forget that face for many years—looking out above the worn blue dress—perfectly unconscious. It was a new assurance to me of the splendid beauty which truly belongs to human life, which is hidden from most of us most of the time, by dust and weeds, but which is there, all the same, and shines out once in a while through such chinks as that little face.

I am driving about a good deal now in these warm June days and the farms up all the big and little creeks are very luxuriant with heavy wheat and rye, young corn and bright green grass and trees. Some day I will show you what a fine country this "poor old" Kansas has come to be.

Your affectionate brother, EDWIN.

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